

SEEFER



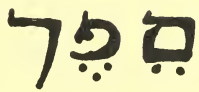


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About the



According to the Analytical Concordance to the Bible, the meaning of “sefer” or “sepher” is derived from the Hebrew, meaning “writing” or “book.”

THIS SEFER

Is written by Baptist College students, faculty and staff. It is the distillation of their moods, memories, dreams, loves, losses and longings. . . captured in poetic imagery.

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COVER ART
Mr. H.E. Crooks

INSIDE ART

- A) Hugh Sprott
- B) Pamela Crout
- C) John Crooks

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THE SEFER LITERARY MAGAZINE
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Everything is Beautiful

The sea is one of God's most beautiful creation
Good days, warm and calm, bad days, cold and rough
Human beings are the same way, good and bad days,
Yet, both are **BEAUTIFUL**, in God's eyes.

People are another incredible creation,
They're very beautiful in some way to God's eyes.
Even with deceit, lust, anger, jealousy, all dwelling in us,
We are still in some way beautiful to God.

It's really great to know that whatever you do
There's someone that still thinks you're beautiful.
Because God sees the good in our hearts and
Is always willing to help bring it out.

Sometimes we make it hard for God to find the good.
Because we cover it up with guilt and shame.
But with or without any sins we commit,
He still thinks we're beautiful in some way.

Just as I am beautiful in God's eyes
You are beautiful to me.
Yet, I'm not in any way comparing my love for you
With God's love for me.

Forget what we've ever said or done
In your past and present that you regret,
For I know God is leading your life now,
And that's all that is important.

Right now, in our Christian relationship
You are everything I've hoped for,
Everything I need, because
YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL TO ME!

Schulger Patterson

These Things I Like. . .

I like the warm things on earth. . .

A baby's innocent kiss.

A rose in the summer sun,

A lover's expectant wish.

I like the eternal things on earth. . .

A seashell from the ocean shore,

An infinitive first child to be born,

A love from God for mankind evermore.

I like the meaningful things on earth. . .

A mother's invariable, quiet love,

An understanding that needs no words,

A flight of a peace-bringing dove.

Veronika M. Glenn



Walking With God

Experience with God is not confined
to beautiful buildings,
stained-glass windows,
or stirring hymns.

It is not restricted
to the misted mountain-tops,
soul-moving worship,
or heart-pounding inspiration.

Rather, it is found and made free
in the dull, plodding, daily
walk of life.

Bill Parker

Fences

Fences, fences, they're all around
What can I do?

Oh, come on, enjoy them. . .

Crawl up them, look over. . . surprise!

The grass is always greener on the other side!

John Crooks

Knowledge:
 of life, love, true happiness
Wisdom:
 to react in difficult situations
Sympathy:
 to heal the hurts of others
Respect:
 of personal property and age
Recognition:
 for all the great accomplishments
Understanding:
 to help when help is needed
Self-control:
 to stand back and let things happen
Universal love:
 to live in harmony with man.
Situations complicated,
 uninspired,
 unrelated.
Coping, adapting, always remaking
 keeps all living
 giving, taking.

Jeni Pope

A Child of God

Your laughter is of a child,
Your eyes they dance with glee;
Your smile gives off a radiance
of a joy of the heart's depths.
Now your laughter has ceased,
Your glee has turned to tears.
Your smile has stopped its' glow,
And your heart so full of joy
now hurts with breaking pain.
Your eyes are now aglow
With a lot of wondering. . .
of whos and hows and whys,
of little understanding.
And that heart so full of joy
is now seeking and searching. . .
Through the changing seasons
Your thoughts come and go.
Joy and sorrow and searching, too,
None are strange to you.
Yet that heart so full of joy
Remains so full of joy because
You are a Child of God.

for Brenda

Mark Pinkerton

Friend

When I smile, laugh, or cry
Always listen. . . understand the
silence

Say nothing. . . just be there,
for an outstretched hand
Can say more than. . . words.

Beverly Goodgear

A Thought

Rain? God's tender touch.
Thunder? God's leading voice.
Lightening? God's watching eyes.

Virginia Kirkland

So Smile

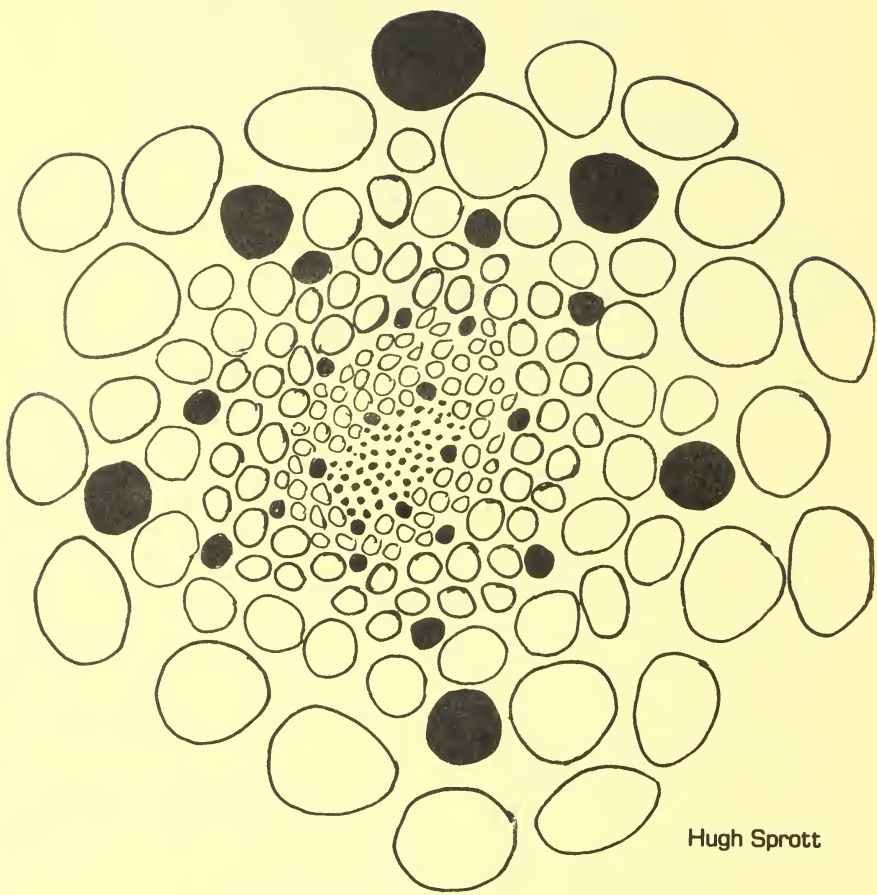
If a candle can flame from a darkened heart
On a piece of wax and string
Then even I can smile into another's heart
So, smile, heart, smile.

Kathleen Ander

My Friends

Thanks for being a real friend to me;
Showing and guiding me the way to be.
How would I have made it without your caring?
Thanks for all the times you spent with me sharing.
Dedicated to all my friends.

Randy Dukes



Hugh Sprott

Why Does He Love Me So?

He didn't even know me,
He was a stranger to me,
But yet he came for me,
Why does He love me so?

I am a sinner, not to be forgiven,
I am a failure, with no hope left,
Yet He died and rose again,
Why does He love me so?

I am lost, doomed for hell,
I have no purpose in life,
Yet He pleads for me,
Why does He love me so? Why?

Virginia Kirkland

"LOVE"

Gentle understanding.
Laughter with the tears.
The common bond is
love.

Jennie Pope

THE LOVE OF THE LORD

I missed seeing the mountains
And the Caribbean Sea.
I missed the Grand Canyon
Yet I yearned to go and see.

I never saw Anarctica,
Venezuala or Mexico.
I missed the waters of Venice,
I never found time to go.

I missed England and Russia,
Ireland and Iceland too.
I missed the Mississippi,
Then I looked for them in You.

I found the height of the mountains,
The blue of the Carribean, too;
The awe of the Grand Canyon,
Were all found in You.

I felt the wonders of Anarctica
The trasures of Latin nations, too;
I traveled the waters of Venice,
When my love was found in You.

England and Russia were found,
Ireland and Iceland, too;
The calmness of the Mississippi,
As it flowed along through You.

All these things I never saw,
I never felt or touched;
All the wonders of the world,
The treasures of the Universe.

But through the Love that You have shown
I found them all in You.
Now that I have found a Love,
The world is coming true.

John Young
2/8/78

Music Brought Our Lives Together

Music brought our lives together
joined them in harmony
calmed our minds, put comfort in our hearts
so at last we could be free.
We found happiness in each other
like we never had before
shared so many special times
always wanting more.
Music brought our lives together
taught us new meanings of love
showed us the many ways of the world
blessed us from above.
Your beautiful voice and mine I hear
singing in my heart.
Yes, music brought our lives together
but the world pulled them apart.

Cathy Landis

Days roll in and days fly out,
People smile and people pout;
Some are black and some are white,
It matters not; to God we're all alike.
I thought of you today,
While I sat through a boring class.
I wondered if your mind would stray
And think of me as the hours passed?

Colleen Johnson

To Love

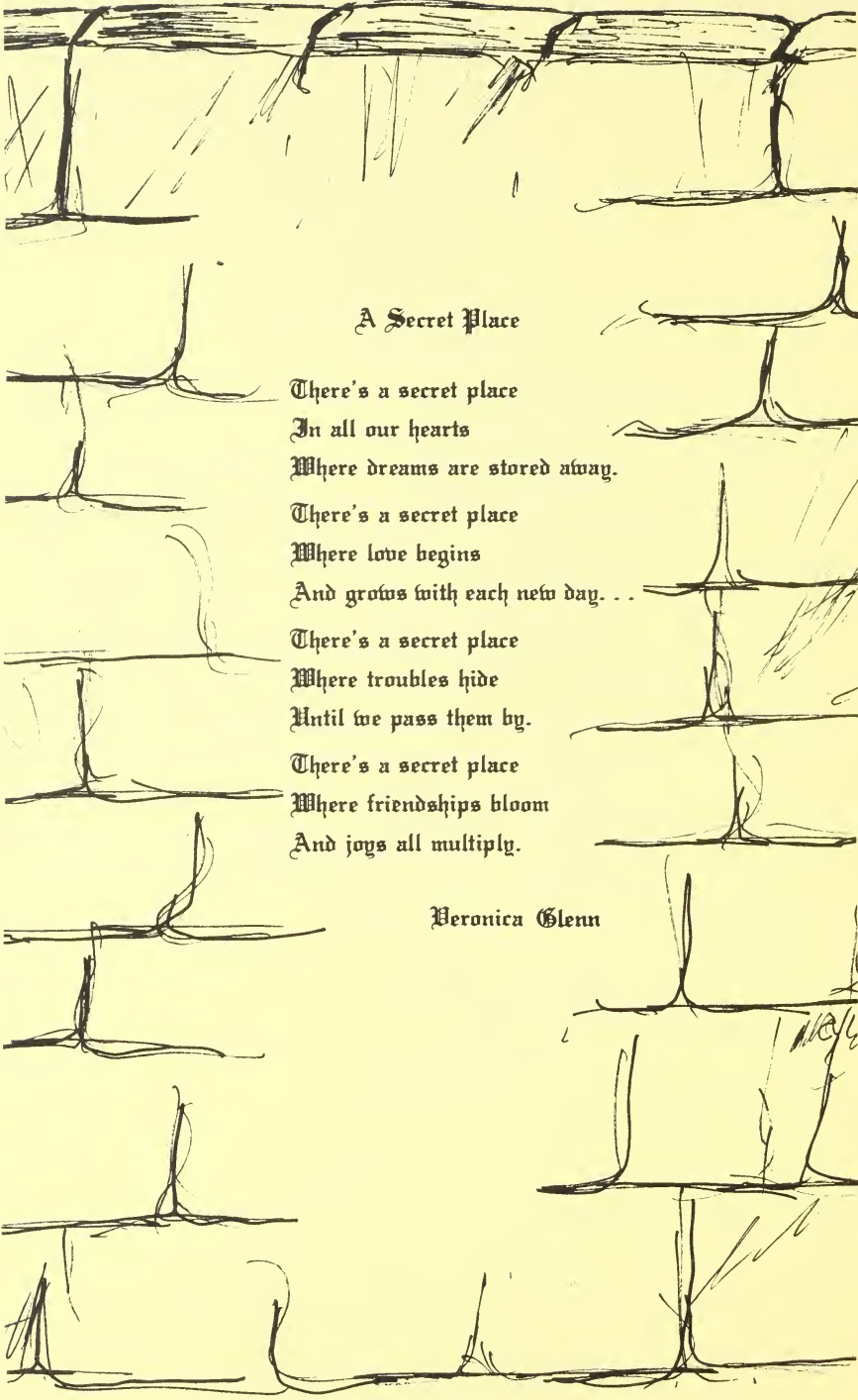
To be able to love gives to life its worth,
For to love, one must give of one's self,
To live is to love, and to love is to live.
To give of one's self in love and because of love,
Without expecting to be loved in return,
Is truly to love with an unselfish love.
To love someone in spite of who or what they might be,
And not because of what they for us may do,
Is truly to love and to love without reserve.
Yes, to be able to love give to life its worth,
For in order to love one must give of one's self.
Yes, to live is to love and to love is to live.

Theodore J. Millsbaugh

PROTECTED

don't attempt to come inside
 I have closed the door,
 my head is clear,
 my heart is quiet,
my aura shines no more. . .
I explored an unknown world
 and let my aura glow,
 my mind all cloudy
 my thoughts confused
I know I let it show. . .
a puzzle may have a thousand pieces
if it's new, you'll have each one,
 you think it's finished
 and find one missing
don't search. . . your work is done. . .
don't attempt to come inside
 I have closed the door
 my mind is clear
 my heart is quiet
my aura shines
 no more.

Darla Horne



A Secret Place

There's a secret place
In all our hearts
Where dreams are stored away.

There's a secret place
Where love begins
And grows with each new day. . .

There's a secret place
Where troubles hide
Until we pass them by.

There's a secret place
Where friendships bloom
And joys all multiply.

Veronica Glenn

BROTHER TO SISTER

A sister loves a brother
In a motherly type of way;
She watches him and loves him,
And in a very special way
The love of God shines through her
As she helps Him mold the clay.

But a brother loves a sister
In a special kind of way;
He hides his love deep inside
Being careful not to show
Because he knows his sister loves him
and always will love him so.

They both love each other
In their own special way;
The sister's like a mother,
While the brother's hides away.
So, my sister, I'm now saying
that no matter what I say
I do and always will love you,
In my own special way.

John Young
5/13/77

FOR ME TO SEE YOU AFAR OFF

How can words express what is felt?
Aspiration, warmth, curiosity, memories. . .
Are there questions born?
Or. . . statement of a fact
that exists. . . ?
Let's explore!
Thoughts, disguised in my mind. . .
Hidden, hard to define. . .
Do we hear or do we see?
Let's touch. . .
(but touch with our innmost
soul. . .)
Beware of what may be found. . .
(remember the truth may hurt)
Let the honesty. . . in what is found
be crystallly pure. . .
To say hello, to feel wanted. . .
is not enough. . .
The recipe doesn't even call for this. . .
Be real to me once more. . .
And let our (relationship) blossom like a flower. . .

But please. . . oh, please. . .
Don't let it wither. . .
Preserve it, in the purest form -- in
LOVE.

John Crooks

From a Girl to a Lady

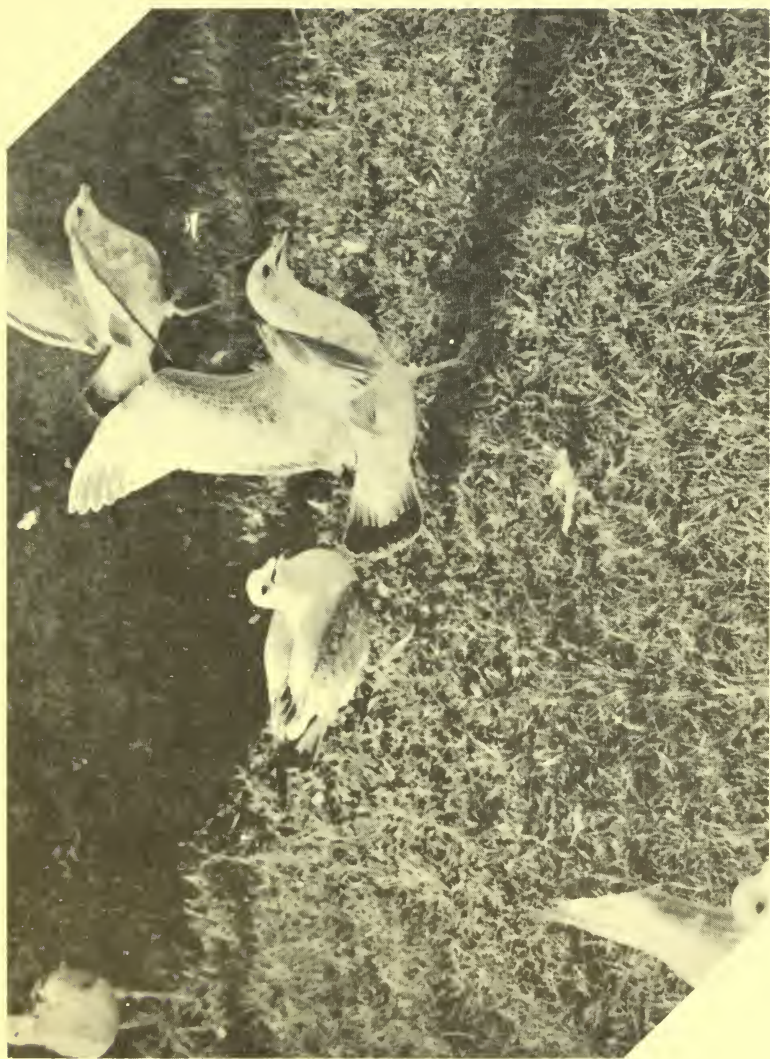
Like the role of Peter Pan--"I'll never grow up,"
To leave it behind was sure mighty tough.
But I did it, with it, behind me to stay,
I've become a woman as of this very day.
I know now there's a life waiting for me,
One with excitement and opportunities to be.
Whatever I can, whatever I will,
To react as a woman and learn to be still.
To listen to God's call wherever He leads.
To reap a fine harvest. . . planting the seeds.

Rebecca Owens

WHAT IS LIFE?

To end each day,
 means one less left
Each second brings
 a closer death
Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
 what is the meaning of it all?
 Sweat, thought, and sacraments
 to build one's daily monuments
Souls are lost and money's spent,
 I wonder where tomorrow went.
The axis tilts,
 the earth obeys,
Spinning off
 a few more days.
Impressions made in mortal pride
 are washed away with morning's tide.
Bodies mold and coffins rust,
 what once was live
Is now made dust.

Steve Fitchett



KNOWN

Will we ever know one another?
I fear that may never be.
For I could never know you.
Until I was able to know me.

Larry Himes

A Prayer

Oh God, our Father,
In these days of confusion;
Of rushing back and forth;
And endlessly seeking for
things that are not there,
Have us, for just a moment,
To pause and hear that still,
small voice within that says:
"Be at peace,
For I am with you."
Amen.

Bill Parker

A BELIEVER'S PRAYER

Lord of Heaven and Lord of light,
Lord of mercy and Lord of might,
If you would or if you might,
grant this prayer I pray tonight.

Gracious Father, grant to me,
The Life of Christ that others may see,
Living full and living free,
In my life and through me.

Grant me the courage and the strength,
To bear my cross the whole day's length.
Grant me the courage and the strength,
To witness prayerfully the whole day's length.

The mercy of Calvary let me show,
Even to those that I do not know,
May my love forever grow, For this is my prayer thus to show.

Theodore J. Millspaugh

And We Dissect the Things

Hello friend, back so soon?
Why, seems just minutes since we last met.
You glutton, what would your mother at home say,
Since, there she has the table set?
Ah, you flatter me, dear one.
You say you love my brain?
If only you knew how then for that I searched.
But interests always wane.
If you love me so,
Then check your hygiene.
For that slime you leave behind
Is a squirming one, unclean.
But, please, don't let me spoil a thing,
For the living have their rights.
And I am at my lowest
Where you are at your height.

Charles Leonhardt

PERMANENCE

The bright-white against the black-blue,
Seas of permanance in an evergoing infinity
Of day to night, dark to light hues,
Jogously floating with an air of stability.

Wanting and wishing, hoping to receive,
The covetous permanence found in the stars,
Pleading to leave my life of make-believe,
Trying to gain my life's greatest desires.

Time passed with seasons and never returned,
Colors changed, people changed, everything but my desire,
Still trying to overcome the Law I had spurned,
"I must have permanence!" remained my cry.

Tired of begging, I stretched into the sky
And greedily grabbed, with sheer delight,
The only permanence existing, then wondered why
The whole infinite, permanent array had changed.

John Young

10/31/78

WHAT IS A MOTHER?

A warm gentle hand,
A warm gentle voice,
A warm gentle look,
A warm gentle smile,
A warm understanding,
that life's not so bad.
This is a tribute to you,
who has been just like a
MOTHER to me.

Beverly Goodyear

The Chance Meeting

It wasn't a case of "love at first sight,"
It was being in the right place at the right time.
It was as though we were helpless together. . . .
placed in a dark box, left by a scientist to find our way. . .
and we sensed. . . . each other.
Then the lights came on.
First, I was hesitant to trust you with my heart. . .
Afraid of getting hurt.
Afraid that if I ran, you would never come back.
Then. . . your gentleness drew me to you, and,
your kindness and warmth made me glad I stayed.
I opened my heart and you gave me everything I always needed.
Not monetary gifts, or worldly things.
No, it was better than that.
You gave me joy, inner peace and love. . . . and a reason
to try a little harder in life's contest.
No, it wasn't a case of "love at first sight,"
It was being in the right place at the right time.

Gail Allen



Smile

You never know what a smile can do.
For someone who's feeling blue.
You never know what a smile might add,
To the life of someone who's feeling sad.
A smile can add sunshine on the darkest day,
A smile accompanied by something which you might say.
One who can smile has the blessings of God,
The blessing of God, now, that might sound odd.
But God delights in one who can smile,
Smile while going that extra mile.
These words are simple, but yet they're so true,
You never know what your smile might do.
So why not let Jesus put a smile on your face,
For with the smile which He gives, the whole world you can face.

Theodore J. Millspaugh

EASY LIVING

This is a thing I've never known before,
It's called, Easy Living.
This is a place I've never been before,
It's called, Easy Living.
Easy Living.
And I've been forgiven
Since you've taken your place in my heart.
Somewhere along the lonely road
I had tried to find you.
Day after day on that winding road
I had walked behind you.
Easy Living and I've been forgiven
Since you've taken your place in my heart.
Waiting , watching,
Wishing my whole life away,
Dreaming, thinking,
Ready for my happy day. . .
And some Easy Living.

Ken Hensley

Prayer of Forgotten Love

Once upon a day, I thought I knew him. . .
Now time has passed, and I've come to loose him.
Why did it happen--I don't understand
O Lord, please tell me. . . if you can.
Why is it that I hurt down inside?
Why is it Lord, that I cry and cry?
Whatever happened to the dreams we once shared?
maybe it's just that he didn't care.
How about the times we spent together?
Getting to know one another better.
O Lord, please help me in this hour of need.
My heart is all broken, I need him, you see.
Well, time has gone by, and you've showed me the way.
Now my heart's mended, never more to stray.
One thing, though, I'd like to say,
I met a new boy in school today.

Rebecca Owens

"Understanding"

It's so hard to understand
how the strength of our love
is still not strong enough
to hold us together.
It's so hard to realize
what we have between us,
how special it is,
and how we cherish it so.
It's so hard to accept
the way things must be
after all we've done
to try and make it work.
It's so hard to live
without you in my life.
I keep on trying
but I just don't understand.

Cathy Landis

ODE TO A FRIEND

It is hard to explain,
What I feel inside.
What I wish for you;
... the kind word
... the listening ear. . .
... the peace of mind
... the best in whatever you do,
Wherever you go,
and with self-assurance!
But, the only true way I can express it is
... I am your friend!

Thomas H. Becker

CLOUDS

The roaring fury of the seas gone wild,
 All stopped for a time by an innocent child.
Imagined as foam on a stormy gray sea,
The clouds, they hang threatening, falling on me.
Alone with the waves now all covered with fume,
 My home is a dust speck beneath this wet sprune.
Slowly so slowly forming again. . .
 Waves formed so long ago, how long has it been?
Yet placid at times is this watery sky.
 As calm as a lake, or the dying's last sigh.
Comfort and softness, found in our sleep,
 When our dreams, all storm ridden, into clouds seep.
 Thomas Kuznik

Dear Friend:

Thank you for being just that--a person I have the privilege of knowing, and of whom I am certainly fond. More and more I find I cannot live for myself alone. . . . our lives are connected by a thousand invisible threads, and along these sympathetic fibers, our actions run as causes and return to us as results. Subsequently, if we could all make a point of being "normal" (which is to say, act the way we expect others to act) --1979 will be the best year in our lives.

For that ultimate reason promise yourself to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To talk health, happiness and prosperity to everyone you meet. To make all your friends feel there is something good in them. To look on the sunny side of everything, and make your optimism come true. To think only the best, to work only for the best, and expect only the best. To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own. To forget the mistakes of the past, and press on to greater achievements in the future. To wear a cheerful face at all times, and give every living creature you meet a smile. To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others. To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble. To be silent at times so that you may hear the consciousness of your fellow man, for that will carry you where words you hear may not. To have no desire to foresee the future, only to discover each new day; for without preconceptions you will not be disappointed. To the best of your ability, work toward a peace for all mankind.

This comes with a guarantee only if we also promise to remember there is only one world--and we should be only one people.

Wishing you all the beautiful gifts of life-- Happiness, Peace, and most of all LOVE!

Veronika M. Glenn



Dreams

Have you ever had a dream come true?
Have you ever had a dream come true?
Sitting here, thinking about the times we've had,
Some were good, some were bad;
Have you ever had a dream come true ?
I've been waiting three long years,
to see your smiling face.
Talk about the times we've had.
Talk about the good, the bad of Love.
Have you ever had a dream come true?
I would give my arms, my legs,
to be with you again.
To pass through the times we've had,
To work through the good, the bad with Love.
Memories, memories, yes memories of you,
Brightening up the darkest nights,
They are the Lights of Love.
Fourteen years of innocence have gone
Wish they were back!
They'll never be back,
Fourteen years of innocence have gone.
A seed must die before it reaches fruition,
Can we cultivate the past and plant the seed?
Can we die to the past and
bring forth the future that we need!
Have you ever had a dream come true?
Sitting here thinking about the times we've had,
Some were good, some were bad.
Have you ever had a dream?
My dream came true in you.

Jim Crooks

In Gratitude for Beauty

When I can stand, awestruck,
Before the simple glory of a sunrise,
Or see the unrestrained joy of a child;
When I feel the warm embrace of the summer breeze,
Or the Autumn sun touches my back:
When I can enjoy the delicate beauty of a rose,
Or of an icicle glinting frigidly in the sun;
Then, in my heart,
 I breathe a grateful prayer
 For all the unnecessary pleasures
 God has granted us.

Bill Parker

EXPRESSING MYSELF

Sometimes, I wish I were a poet
To have people warm up and glow
To the beauty of the words that paint my thoughts
Like sunrays upon the clouds in the dusk of sunset.

. . . Or, a great musician,
So I could relay my feelings
By creating melodies so enchanting; that they seem to
make people's thoughts wander
To pleasant memories of a place, . . . or a very
special person.

Sometimes I wish I were a famous artist,
Then I could show my innermost being
By interpreting the world's beauty so competently
That only nature herself could create more superior.

Yet, I am glad I am myself.
For this imitates my thoughts, my feelings, my innermost being,
And reveals what I am to others,
More than poetry, music, or art possibly could!

Thomas 'H. Becker



IT COMES ROLLING IN
A LITTLE AFTER BREAK OF DAY,
CREEPING ACROSS THE CAMPUS,
SILENTLY STALKING ITS PREY. . .
IT GLIDES AROUND EACH CORNER
CLAD IN A COAT OF DULL DARK BLUE,
ITS' STOMACH GROWLS AND IT SLOWS DOWN,
AS THE APPETIZER COMES INTO VIEW. . .
HUMMING EXCITEDLY, ITS' ARMS LOCK INTO PLACE!
IT LIFTS ITS MEAL ABOVE ITS HEAD
WITH AMAZING MECHANICAL GRACE!
. . . WITH A FINAL JERKING MOTION
IT SWALLOWS AND FINISHES THE CHORE,
REPLACES THE UTENSIL,
AND MOVES HUNGRILY ON TO FIND MORE. . .

Darla Horne

My Friend

MY friend, the words are hard to find
to express the way I feel
I hope you can understand my silence
for I know these feelings are real.
I may not have a lot to say
but it's all growing deep inside
so please excuse my silence, dear,
it's just so hard to hide.
I feel the need to protect you
that does sound funny, I know
but I keep trying to hold back
so it won't hurt when you go.
I don't really think it's working
but I am hanging in there.
I want the memories to be beautiful
for what we have is rare.
Now maybe you can understand
as we make the most of every day
you see, my silence says much more
than my words could ever say.

Cathy Landis

"The Rope"

I fought hard.
Can you see what I did?
I climbed the very top,
But the top is not what I need.
There must be something for sure.
What is it?
I'm at the end of my rope!

James H. Nelson



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

The moment is tense. My nerves are on edge. I've put it off for as long as I can. Something tells me this is my last chance. It's now or never.

I see her across the room. She's studying. I shouldn't bother her - she might fail a test. It'll be my fault -- she'll hate me.

I fumble with the notes I'm trying to study.

My palms are sweaty.

I wonder how my hair looks.

I have acne.

I look across the room. She's gone. . . relief. Oh' well, maybe tomorrow.

Oh, no - she's back. Nerves tighten.

She's studying again. I need to study, too, "Consumer vote. . . capital. . . supply and demand. . ."

Oh, no - she's moved to a table by herself! She's all alone.

Lord is that a hint?

My REAL LIFE tract. Where is it? I can't find it. Can't share it if I can't find it.

Oh, there it is. It's kind of worn out.

What if I have bad breath. More people are turned off by bad breath than anything else. . . I need a Tic Tac.

O.K. it's time to move.

I can't believe it. It can't be real. I'm walking across the room. The moment of truth. . . I must be crazy.

Look at her, She's going to laugh. She'll be cruel. She'll crush my ego. She'll make me feel stupid. I can hear it now:

"How do you know there's a God?. . . Can you prove the Bible is true?. . . What about Darwin's Theory of Evolution?. . ."

"Hi Cindy."

"Hi."

I did it. I started a conversation. She's smiling. She doesn't hate me - yet.

More small talk follows. I've got to get to the point. I'm blowing it.

"Did you enjoy the service Sunday night?"

She enjoyed it. She's still smiling. What a great start.

Oh no. Here it comes. . . now or never.

"Have you ever seen one of these?" (I show her my REAL LIFE tract) I've done it now. It's too late to back out.

"No I haven't." She's curious.

"Could I share it with you?"

"Sure." She's interested. She wants me to share with her. Be cool.

I sit down. I don't know what I'm saying. I can't remember all the little "extras."

She's still interested. I get to the end.

"Do you want to accept Christ?"

"Yes."

Yes!? You're supposed to make excuses - tell me to bug off - YES!?

"Are you sure? Do you understand what you're doing?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to pray this prayer?"

The prayer! I can't remember it! It's in my Bible - the other side of the room. "Uh - don't go away."

I have to go get the prayer. What a clutz.

O.K. I got it. I read it to her. She wants to pray - but not now - when she's alone. Should I let her do that? I can't stop her. She promises she'll pray at home.

She's still smiling. She thanks me. She's grateful!

I float back to the other side of the room. I stare at my Economics notes as if nothing happened. I can't believe it. I finally did it. I acted under the influence of the Holy Spirit. This is it. This is what it's all about. I have conquered. I have overcome. I'll never be afraid anymore - until next time.

"The Chase"

Sometimes love looks for us.

We know it's there, but we pretend it's not.

We run and try to hide our hearts, but
we always manage to get caught.

Then, we stop to think and wonder why we're running,
and who's chasing us.

(Feelings! Don't they seem to get in the way when we don't
want them there?)

Love wins out in the end though.

Our mind plays tug-of-war with our inner-most feelings,
causing our hearts to fall prey to cupid's arrow.

Finally we abandon our games of hide and seek,
and realize that love isn't so bad after all.

Gail Allen

ESSAY # 2 THE SELLING OF THE SAVIOR

Some time ago, it became quite unacceptable, at least in the more enlightened cultures, to subjugate and convert under the threat of the sword. To convert in the religious sense. Although some of the less educated and more itinerant types of ultra- fundamentalism factions may wield the threat of hell as easily as any crusader his saber, most of the more sophisticated and more modern bodies have largely put away such childish things.

Twentieth-century nationalism has replaced the old scare tactics with a Madison Avenue approach. The "Doctrine of Professionalism" and "gospel of hard sell" have been added to the sacred writings of the contemporary church establishment. Matthew, Mark, Dale, Luke, P.T., and John now complete the Scriptures of "How to win souls and influence converts." Technique and P.R. are as important as Bible study and prayer. Considerable effort is made to be sure Jesus has the right image, what sells is what saves. If there is indeed a human soul should it not also have consumer protection rights?

One question remains about marriage of business tactics to religious conversation; if Jesus were to come back today, would He buy it?

Steve Fitchett

A Moment In Eternity

The preaching isn't fancy;
The singing rather plain.
The small church swelters with heat.
On the nearby highway,
Cars rush past, uncaring.
On the far back row
A young man is -- uncomfortable.
Something in him prods,
Nags,
"Go forward.
Go forward."
It's a small thing,
A quiet thing,
Nothing dramatic.
he shifts in his seat,
Almost rises,
And perches on the peak of eternity.
What will people think?
What about his reputation?
Isn't he just being emotional?
He sinks back.
"Not now.
Maybe later.
Maybe later."
Somewhere far away, yet strangely near,
There is a sigh of longing,
And heartfelt grief.
Maybe later.

Bill Parker

Brother

I think my older brother is the best friend that I have,
No matter what the problem is, he always has the tab;
Although he's one foot taller and big and rounder too,
I never feel I am small to him, with Dad I often do;
He always seems to be around when I am feeling down,
To pick me up and put a smile where once there was a frown,
The point that I am getting at is one that you should know,
You never miss the thing you need until it's there no more. . .
So if your older brother is now something that you had,
Remember once to you he was a lot closer than you Dad. . .
He's off on some adventure now to make a life for him,
So try to remember his advice when things for you look dim.

Kinsey McFadden

SAD STORY

A dime-size hole, sliding, creeping,
Refusing to remain still with every step.
(Don't look down, leave me alone!)

Widening, widening, widening. . . (Stop!)

No, I won't! You wanted me, now,
be quiet. (I was on sale remember?)

A tickle from the thigh, gently massaging. . .
Then. . . suddenly. . . taking a quick leap and
dashing toward the ankle like a jet on a
quick take-off. . . an abrupt stop!

(Quit!)

(No, I want to play some more!)

(No, please stop!)

(You look down and I'll play some more. . .)

(Say what?)

(You heard me.)

A peep. . . Sudden embarrassment. . . face turning a soft pink. . .
darkening. . . darkening. . .
to a fire-engine red.

Nowhere to duck.

(What will I do?)

(I warned you !

Next time, settle for "Hanes.")

Gail Allen



"Each of us have a right to the tree of Life."

Limerick

There once was a fellow I knew
Who gave B.C. a menu,
he left this great college
Took all kinds of knowledge,
And his menu along with him too!

Kinsey McFadden

"MY PEN"

My pen is the one I use.
What I write is confused.
It's simply to amuse.
I love different inks.
Blue, black, red and shades of pink.
Bic bananas stink.
So without a doubt
I write and write about. Then
My pen runs out.

James H. Nelson

FOR A VERY SPECIAL FRIEND

A friendship, such as ours,
is a relationship rarely found.

- Hearts unbound
to share his love,
as discovered by us,
by others.

It is strong in its presence
and in its reality
- of which the totality
can never be expressed by mouth or pen.

It is not a thing to be missed
because of absence -
but an essence to be nourished
in its memory and held tightly in its hope
of eternity.

It is to be forever cherished
- not in a past tense
- but in a true sense
of renewing its golden bonds of memories,
not just remembering, but creating them anew.

Vivian Zahn

My Plea

Lord, help me to be as a child,
Innocent and free.

Help me, Lord, to accept your word,
As a child does.

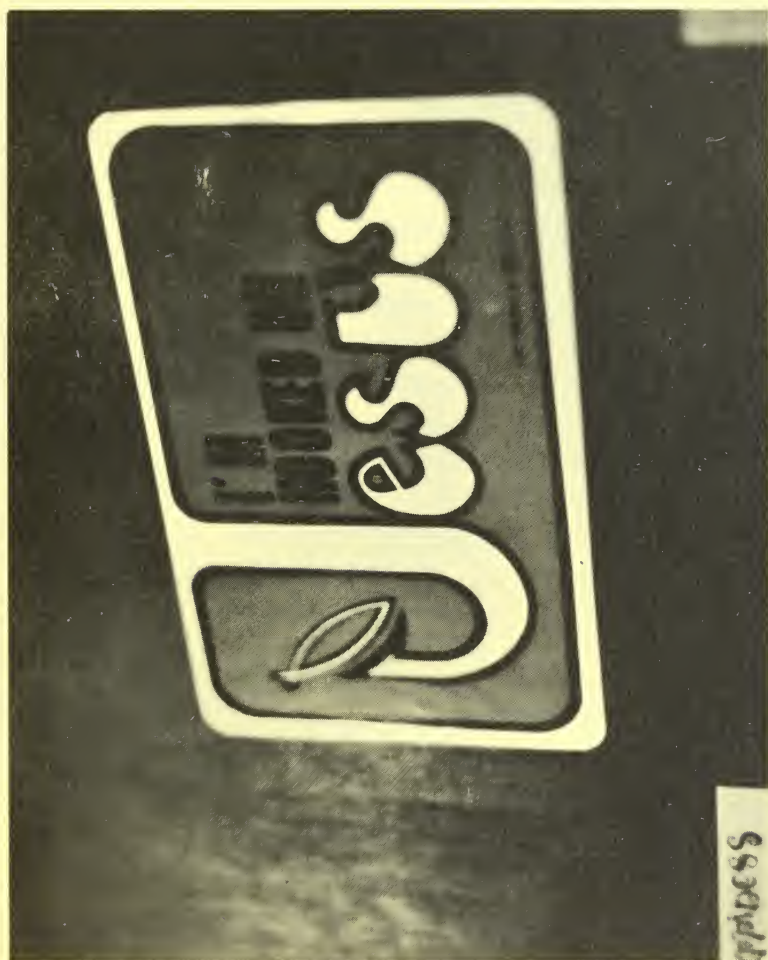
Lord, help me to depend on You,
As a child his elders.

Help me, Lord, to be humble
Full of Your love.

Lord, help me to conquer mountains
As you conquered death.

Help me, Lord, to be as You.

Virginia Kirkland



Remembering

Sharing is knowing,
the sun's still glowing.
Smiling is sweet,
with each pounding heartbeat,
Crying is sad,
But please remember, you were glad.
Laughing was fun,
even though there was never a sun.
Remember my feelings,
and remember them well.
For feelings were what my life,
was all about.
But since knowing you,
You've made my sadness and strife
Be filled with a sincere and a
fulfilling life.

Mike Hill

Easy

Prayer is so simple
It's like quietly opening a door
and slipping into God's very own presence
There in the stillness to listen to his voice;
Or to feel--
It does not matter
Because just to be there in God's presence is
Prayer.

Jerome Smalls

Tales

We told our tales as we sat under morning's sleepy skies
With all the colors of the sunlight shining in our eyes
One, then another, with a story of yesterday's life,
Or of a lover who had gone, in a moment of strife.
No thought of sleep ever dwells upon the wise men's eyes.
Some task of conscience stealing every moment of his time.
Thus we have learned to live, while mortal men stand
waiting to die.
How do we do what must be done, in just one short life?
And if you ask, then you should know
if you still doubt, you should be told
It was not he who made it so
It was by those who went before.
And there you sit, tomorrow's child,
So full of love, so full of life,
But you must rise to meet the day,
Lest you become. . . another tale. . .

Ken Hensley

SHADES OF CREATION

In the shadows of life
mysteries can be found. What can they be?
The shadows exist because
the standing ways linger
Lights aren't seen very easily these days.
Being formed is somewhat an easy matter.
So to exist. . . is definitely
a different story.
To find the way in the thicket is almost impossible.
But look elsewhere, above and beyond what is imagined.
Look to where the complicated
is made humble. . . just simply simplicity. . .
When reality is found, place your
two cents where it counts.
Then make your shades in Creation.

John Crooks



Burning Within

I'll tell you once again, about the way I feel.

For now I'm burning deep within, a flame that seems unreal.

Love is so often thought. . . forever an illusion.

Time seems to leave doubter's port. a dive into confusion.

You nullify these fallacies, you strengthen my impression;
And change the folly of my love into a deep depression.

Forever immortal, an undying love,

Eternity sent it, from Heaven above.

Thomas Kuznak

EARLY MORNING

The early morning walks,
the quiet evening talks,
the tender smiles we share.
The continual trusting,
Without fighting or fussing,
the way we show we care.
The little things we've done,
The picnics in the sun,
feeding pigeons and doves.
The happiness and joy we know
from togetherness. . . it must show. . .
Yes, we are in love.

Jennie Pope

My America

O beautiful and grand
My own, My Native land.
Intellectually it seems that America
is no better than any other country;
But, emotionally, I know she's better
than every other country.

Jerome Smalls

LIFE BEGINS AND ENDS

The sun comes up, The birds begin to sing,
It's morning, it's morning.
Happy December to each of you.
Christmas will soon be on its way.
Snow will fall and cold wind will blow.
So here's to you, HO HO HO!

Beverly Goodyear

Today's Tomorrow

I love you today
 but I won't tomorrow.
I need you today,
 but not tomorrow.
I want your love today,
 I won't need it tomorrow.
I want to please you today,
 I won't be in the mood tomorrow.
Although this seems like I don't love you,
 There's one thing you've failed to realize.
Every tomorrow is a today,
 Whenever it may arrive.

Patrice Foster



"My heart is not big enough for what I dream about."

Understanding one's self is a most difficult adventure to undertake. A lifetime seems almost too short a time span for an individual to explore every crevice and crack issued in our allotted time space.

Deciding whether to keep or to expell a life experience or even to try to comprehend it, seems to create a hidden fear within each human being. . . a challenge to continue. . . or not. . . on life's journey.

Profound statements, trivial questions such as why, how come, show me, explain this, or, this is who I am. . . all are sometimes misunderstood. Then suddenly, after life has made worthwhile the dues we paid to it. . . there comes an unveiling reality of these tiny, simple, complex statements, and they take on new birth and begin to live in new dimensions of truth and honesty.

To comprehend truth requires outreaching of the innermost soul. Then a serene peace and calmness flows from within. For me, Jesus Christ is the source of that inner peace and His grace is sufficient for me.

John Crooks

Psalm 51:10-14

10) Create in me a clean heart, O God;
and renew a right spirit within me.

11) Cast me not away from thy presence;
and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12) **Restore** unto me the joy of thy salvation;
and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13) Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14) Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God,
thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall
sing aloud of thy righteousness.

The opportunity of being editor of this year's literary magazine, the SEFER, was a very special opportunity indeed. It allowed me to view life in different perspectives and also to reflect on my own ideas and ideals. Being editor, I had an opportunity to experience new and different personalities in people. I would like to dedicate this year's edition to all of you and also to our Heavenly Father who, by his love, made it all possible. I will always be grateful for the opportunity of being editor, and also the chance of finding a place at Baptist College at Charleston.

Special love and recognition is given to and deserved by Ms. Gilmore, J.S. and V.G.

From me to you,
John Crooks, editor

